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*With the respects of his  
friend P. Gray*

A

# Sermon

ON THE DEATH OF HIS

EXCELLENCY, WILLIAM EUSTIS,

Late Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

PREACHED IN THE FIRST CHURCH

**In Roxbury.**

FEBRUARY 13, 1825.

*On the Lord's day succeeding his Public Funeral.*

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BY THOMAS GRAY,  
*Minister of the Church on Jamaica Plain.*

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*To Mrs CAROLINE LANGDON EUSTIS, widow  
of the late Gov. Eustis, the following discourse, delivered and  
published at her request, is most respectfully and affectionately  
inscribed by the*

AUTHOR.



# SERMON.

## ON THE WARFARE OF DEATH.

ECCLESIASTES, viii. 8. And there is no discharge in that war.

OF this solemn and affecting truth, we, my friends, who are here assembled to-day, have, within the space of a few short hours, received the most impressive and mournful conviction. He, who chose out our way, and sat as chief amongst us—he, who was the object of public confidence, and of private affection, has now fallen prostrate by the hand of death. Nerveless is the arm of power. The right hand has forgot its cunning, and the lips are sealed up in everlasting silence. Fond of military life, he early engaged in the warfare of his country, and with others of his associates, gained the victory, and wore the palm, and received, at length, his honorable discharge. But in this warfare with death there is no discharge. Here the conqueror is conquered, and a new trophy graces the triumphal car of this mighty despot. The insatiable enemy has seized upon his victim—has fattened upon his prey, and now closed his “marble jaws” upon him.

We have already accompanied him, with every token of respect and mourning to that dark prison-house, in which the monster confines his captives.

And, now, the ceremonies of funereal pomp have subsided—You have seen the military honors displayed at the grave, the nodding plumes, the sable hearse, the thronging spectators, crowding around his bier, to take a last look of their favorite, and to pay their last respects to his memory. But the multitude has now retired, the noise is still, and all is hushed. And where, let me ask you, is the object of all this worldly glory now? Alas! He sleeps on his last bed; he is enclosed in the darkness of the grave. Earthly honor and distinction have yielded their palm, but the wreath has faded in the tomb. I said ye are gods, but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. We have come up here my friends, this afternoon, into this solemn temple, to contemplate this vanity of human greatness, to gaze in religious awe, upon the emptiness of human splendor; to show you where terminate the proudest distinctions of this world; and from our recent visit to the tomb, to gather some lessons of religious wisdom, instruction and improvement, from the fleeting scene that has now forever vanished away.

I stand before you, my friends, in a situation attended with some embarrassments. Whilst the Commonwealth mourns its Governor and Commander in Chief, I myself sustain the loss of a personal friend. I occupy also the place to day, of your excellent pastor, and of my much loved friend and brother,\* to whom these religious so-

\* Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Porter, who then lay dangerously ill of a lung fever.

lemnities properly pertained, which now devolve upon me ; and who, in a manner so much more edifying and instructive, would have performed them ; but whom the wise disposer of events, has confined to the solitary chamber of sickness and of prayer. I am oppressed too, with a consciousness of the imperfection, with which I am able to supply his absence, or fulfil your just expectations, or do justice to such an occasion as this. Thus placed before you, I shall draw upon your candor for what I cannot claim from your justice, whilst I attempt a religious improvement of this solemn visitation of God, which has clothed, not only his own afflicted family, but this whole Commonwealth in sorrow ; which has filled many a heart with grief, and many an eye with tears.

But there is no discharge in this war. And does not the observation of almost every passing day confirm this truth ? Where do you look around you, and find not the spoils of this mighty destroyer ? You behold him intruding his visits often, when they were least expected, and calling for those, with whom we are most unwilling to part. His unsparing weapons level without distinction. He intrudes alike into the Chair of State, and into offices of the humblest grade. He intrudes on the thrones of kings and of emperors, and into the dwellings of their meanest subjects, and no one can bar his entrance. We witness his triumphs over the lofty and the low, over the young and the old, over the virtuous and the vicious, over those whose characters and

worth have insured them the love and esteem, the respect and confidence of all around them; and whose memory still lives in our hearts; and over the worthless too, who die unlamented, and whose names are consigned to the oblivion of their dust. There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death. And there is no discharge in that war. We must all engage in the conflict, and are all sure to fall. This truth, so solemn and interesting to every one of us, it is now my purpose to contemplate and improve.

We have, in the text, a dramatic representation of death, as in a state of war with man. We will show you the manner in which this war is carried on.

It is commenced then, in the first place, against the body, that noble workmanship of God, so fearfully and wonderfully made; and here his whole artillery is played off. Sometimes his approach is regular, and he gives us notice of his intent. He assails us by slow disease, and the only circumstance that excites our surprize is, how much the slender citadel will bear, and how long it will sometimes sustain the siege, before it is compelled to surrender. At other times, the assaults are sudden; at a moment when least expected, or when returning health seemed rapidly hastening her footsteps, just as the bitterness of death seemed to have passed away, and the joys of renovated life were gladdening the soul.

The enemy commences his attacks again, in the

midst of prosperity, of honor and of fame, of health and usefulness. He siezes, like the vulture, on his prey, and in a moment his purposes are cut off, even the intents of his heart, and in that very day his thoughts perish.

Death is at war too, with our brightest hopes, and often robs us of our dearest earthly treasure. He enters into a family, and prostrates, at a stroke, the hopes of it. He cuts down the young man of much promise, the object of parental admiration, love and solicitude. He was just about to enter into life, "high in expectation, and elate with hope," the object of universal affection and esteem, and of high interest and favor. Or an only daughter, the mother's hope, and the father's pride. She was pure in mind, lovely in disposition, sweet in manners, and beautiful in person, whom to love was only to know. The monster marks the sumptuous prey; he points his unerring dart, levels his aim in the dust, and pours poison and bitterness into the bleeding hearts of relatives and friends.

Death is in a state of war again, with all our present enjoyments. He is sure and certain in his conquest, and is always to be found more or less, in company with suffering. Sometimes his purpose is effected by deceit, by fraud, by robbery, by murder; and again, by the sweeping desolations of war, of battle, of famine, of pestilence. But, even when he comes in his mildest and most natural form, his approach is, generally, preceded by languishing weakness, or melancholy disease, by acute



pains, or dreadful accidents, by horrid lacerations, or terrible wounds. He is the fell destroyer of health and strength, of youth and beauty. He renders wealth and reputation, honor and dignity, authority and power, the mere trappings of his victory. He forever removes man from man, the husband from the wife of his bosom, and the object of his love, brother from brother, sister from sister. He extinguishes the splendor of greatness, quenches the fire of genius, arrests, disconcerts, overturns the wisest and best plans of public benevolence, and of private virtue. He takes away the most excellent enjoyments, and substitutes in their place, bitter adversity, and accumulated misery. He silences the voice of joy, and raises the tears of mourning. He separates the mind from the body, and leaves it motionless and inanimate, and consigns it to the low, dark, and narrow house, to putrefaction, to worms, and to earth.

And what a dreary blank is the grave ! the abode of silence and oblivion, where there is no knowledge or device ; the dark barrier over which there is no return.

Death, moreover, is at war with friendship and society.

For these the Almighty has formed man, and implanted in his nature the early and prevailing love of them. It is not good, said the Father of the human family, for man to be alone. For his interest it is not *good* ; for what can be accomplished alone ? Or what motive can he have to action alone ?

But connected with those around him, in whom he feels an interest and concern, the prospect either of imparting pleasure, or alleviating pain, awakens all his active efforts. Neither is it for his virtue, *good* to be alone, because there are no virtuous examples for him to imitate, nor can he be influenced by a regard to public opinion, or to reputation; for who is there, in this case, to applaud, or who to censure him? The book of God, therefore, often appeals to the consideration, that we are seen of men, and urges upon us, that we cause our lights to shine before them. Nor is it yet for his happiness, *good*, that he should be alone. For what is there in a state of solitude to make him happy, formed, as he is, with all his social affections about him? Even the devout and pious Christian, who loves and seeks retirement, at its appropriate seasons, chuses it, not for its own sake, but as favorable to self-examination, to devout contemplation, and to holy prayer; and after the discharge of these secret devotions, returns to enjoy the pleasures of friendship and society again with an increased, and renovated delight.

Of friendship that is true and lasting, the only source is a virtuous and a feeling heart; and this is enjoyed, in the greatest perfection that earth can give, in the tender and endearing connexions of domestic life. Formed as they generally are, in affection, strengthened and increased by continuance, and the reciprocation of offices of kindness and of love, they become the fountain of the purest and most rational felicity. After the toils of business

are over, the evasions and schemes of the artful have been seen through and avoided, the slanders of the envious, erroneous, or mistaken been endured, and the disappointments and little mortifications of one kind or another, we every day more or less meet with, in our intercourse with the world, are passed away, Oh, with what satisfaction do we return to quiet and peaceful home ; *home*, where affection is sure to oblige ; where friendship soothes, and both unite to make tranquil and happy !

But death is at war too, with this sweet hope of man, and sooner or later, is sure to destroy it. He extends his empire wide, and compels every one implicitly to submit. He snatches away the dear partner of life, and removes lover and friend from our side. He subverts the designs of the enterprising and the patriotic, of the public benefactor and the private friend, and confines them all to his gloomy cell. And Oh, how changed then is the scene ! Henceforth cold and motionless is the object we once so much loved ; a mortal paleness succeeds the crimson, that used to adorn his cheeks ; the eyes sink dim away, into their hollow sockets ; the tongue refuses its utterance ; the voice of affection is unheeded ; the tears of friendship are disregarded ; and dressed in the uniform of the grave, and closed up in the narrow coffin, he is conveyed away to his last dreary abode, and left to his undisturbed repose there, till the heavens be no more. And we depart, still sorrowing most of all, that we shall see his face no more. We return to the once cheerful



dwelling, but, Oh, how changed! It is now converted into an house of mourning, in which every breast is heaving with sorrow, and every eye is moistened with tears. The interesting resemblance of departed friendship, which the skill of the artist had snatched from oblivion, we view with mournful satisfaction, and pass not without a tear, the tomb, which contains the precious dust of him we once loved. And say now my friends, is not death at war with love, with friendship, and society?

Agreeably to the comparison of our text, I observe, further, that a state of war is always a state of mutual opposition. And so it is too, in this conflict with death. He attacks his victims in different ways, and with different weapons, and though he always finds a resolute, yet he meets always with an unsuccessful resistance. The sick, still fond of life, cling anxiously to it; they try every method, and resort to every expedient in their power to preserve the blessing. The aids of friendship, the skill of the kind and attentive physician, unite their efforts to save them. Affection's ardent prayers ascend to heaven, and plead before the throne of God, that the bitter cup may pass away, and the heavy stroke be yet averted. But affection, and skill, and piety unite their exertions in vain. The decree hath passed in heaven, and it cannot be reversed upon earth. The last enemy must triumph over his victims, for there is no discharge in this war.

Once more. In a state of warfare, the slaughter is indiscriminate, and so it is too, in the warfare of

death. He arrests the worthy and the excellent, the useful and beloved, the respected and admired, the old, bowed down with years, and waiting their commander's permission to be at home, and the young, in the midst of prosperity and success; the man who feared God, and the man who regardeth him not; the wise and the ignorant, the haughty and the humble, all must yield themselves the equal prey of this all conquering foe. The arm of power must be unnerved, the strength of the mighty must yield, the weakness of the feeble must submit, the charms of loveliness and beauty must perish away, the wit of the sprightly must cease, the desires of this world must recede, and of every thing that now delights us the most, must we be despoiled, and all must bow to the adamantine dominion of this mighty despot. Here we have no continuing city. Coronets and crowns, and palms and wreaths, and the heads that wear them, are only but the different modifications of that common clay, out of which we were all taken, and into which, we must shortly be resolved again. We are tenants for life only, of every thing we enjoy, and death is even this moment, on his way to dispossess us of all.

The grave is a land without order, and has no favorites to spare. The fathers, where are they? And the PATRIOTS do not live forever. Like others, they fall to sleep; they accomplish as an hireling their day; they act the parts allotted to them in life, are then released from their labors, and rest in the long silence of the grave. They shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

And here arises a most important and interesting inquiry to every one of us. With what weapons we may best engage in this last painful conflict? I answer, the Christian armor alone; the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, and the sword of the spirit; these are the best and the safest a man can wear, who knows he must be conquered, for a period, in this warfare.

An infidel may deride the Christian's hope and labor to persuade you that he is indifferent to the issue of this conflict. But could you look into his heart you would find him alarmed at the prospect, and uncertain of its consequences. He is going he knows not whither. "He is entering upon a path, where no hand of God is promised to conduct him, where no *revelation* marks the road, where the tracks of no returning footsteps are to be seen; going to regions, more awful than man can conceive, yet holding up around him, only the feeble erring light of human fancy, and following the delusive guidance of a frail, sinful heart." He may indeed die secure, he may have no bands in his death, he may die as the beasts die, and yet fail of happiness at the last. The dreadful uncertainty of another life, that clouds his prospects, makes him miserable in this, though he forbears to acknowledge it.

But the hopes and prospects of Christianity will prove a broad shield of defence; for they abolish the terrors of death, and shed the beams of a life to come, over the darkness of the grave. And how powerless will fall the hand of death upon that

man, who is assured that he shall live beyond the grave, and that no sad spectres shall there disturb his repose? To it, he will look forward, as the place of welcome rest, after the toils of his warfare are over. For he knows that God will have a desire again, to the perished works of his hand, will watch over his sleeping dust, and that on the dawn of the resurrection morning, his rising will be glorious.

The solemn and affecting occasion which has led us at this time, to these reflections, now crowds itself upon my mind. But a few days since, our late distinguished patriot, and respected Governor and Commander in Chief, then active and watchful for the public welfare, and sustaining with his usual energy, the various duties of his high station, has finished his career of service, of usefulness and honor, and has gone to his last abode; "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Propriety asks, gratitude requires, and long tried faithful services demand from us, this little passing tribute, which is all we are able to give, and which will, itself, ere long perish away in the forgetfulness of all human things, as his body is now perishing in the mouldering damps of the tomb.

Most of the revolutionary patriots, who were once so useful to their country, after having served their generation faithfully, have, at length, fallen to sleep. Of this honorable band, whom the rapacious hand of death has snatched away from country and friends, his late Excellency WILLIAM EUSTIS, was one, who

devoted to the public service, fifty one years of his useful life. He was a native of Massachusetts, and born at Cambridge June 10, 1753. He was the second son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Eustis, both of whom were very respectable characters. His mother, (as mothers most usually do,) superintended his early years, and by the excellence of her disposition, and the manifestation of her virtues, and pious instructions, left upon his mind impressions of her worth, that never were weakened or impaired through all his life. He had early the misfortune to lose her; a loss he never ceased to regret. And it was his earnest desire, frequently expressed, that beside her slumbering ashes, his own might repose.

His early education was obtained at the Grammar School in Boston, under the celebrated Mr. John Lovell. He there displayed early promise of future eminence, and became a favorite both of him and his usher. At the age of fourteen years, in July 1768, he entered Harvard University. Whilst there, without being what is usually denominated an hard student, he was distinguished as a good classical scholar, and in token of approbation, as such, received a *Detur digniori* from the College government. The late Rev. Dr. John Eliot of Boston, that man of uncommon worth, was both his room and class mate, for whom he ever entertained a high respect and affection. With reputation he took his Bachelor's degree, at the annual commencement in 1772, on which occasion, an honorable part was assigned him.\*

\* A Greek dialogue.



Upon his graduation at College, he commenced the study of Medicine, in Boston, under the late Joseph Warren, M. D. that brave revolutionary patriot, who fell at the commencement of the American contest, on Breed's hill in Charlestown June 17, 1775.\* Mr. Eustis' personal appearance, his polished manners and gentlemanly address added to his many amiable feelings, and an intellect naturally strong, and well cultivated, rendered him a favorite of his youthful friends and fellow students, and secured to him the strong and growing attachment of his instructor.

Not long after he became his pupil, he ventured, to a friend, a prophecy of his future distinction in the community, which has since been literally fulfilled.

In the year 1774, whilst yet his pupil, the Doctor proposed an appointment to him as surgeon's mate in a British regiment stationed at Pensacola, which he offered to obtain for him, through the influence of a very respectable Physician in Boston. Although the situation was no small object to him at the time, yet foreseeing, as it were almost intuitively, the event that was to succeed,—his heart glowing with ardent patriotism, and the thought striking his mind, that in that case, he should become the surgeon of men, who might, one day, turn their arms against the [then] colonies, he politely declined the proposal. A short time afterwards, in April 1775, at the age of twenty-one years, through General

\* See Note A.

Warren's recommendation he was made surgeon of the regiment of artillery, then at Cambridge.\*

It is accidental circumstances that sometimes form the character, or rather, which develop those traits of it, which otherwise, perhaps, had slept in embryo. It was so now with Dr Eustis. His introduction to his new situation elicited powers and exertions, of which, till now, he was perhaps, unconscious himself, and for a far less amount of which, he had been entitled to no common praise.

In the year 1776, whilst serving in New-York, in consequence of various representations of his professional skill and active services, he received the appointment of a senior hospital surgeon there, was stationed at West Point, and still continued in the office, under the various new arrangements of the medical department. This was to him a life of incessant labor, and it may be added too, of still greater usefulness. Services the most beneficial to mankind are not always the most splendid; often they are the least so. To perform actions that make no parade, that carry no dazzling appearance with them, but which are still refreshing and prolific, like the dews of heaven, which relieve the suffering, comfort the wretched, and minister to the happiness of those, whose retired condition withdraws them from notice, and whose praises could not, in the view of the world, exalt a character, requires

\* See Note B.

more efforts of magnanimity and humanity than his, who acting continually under public notice, is under continual excitement, and acts for fame, rather than for usefulness. His were solid and substantial, rather than brilliant services; they were the services of humanity; and they were written in the hearts and affections of cotemporaries, especially in theirs, from the New-England states.

In the same year at Fort Washington, Generals Knox and Greene proposed to him the acceptance of a commission in the line of the army, as Lt. Colonel of Artillery. But aware that his services in the medical department were so duly appreciated, he declined the offer.

On the last medical arrangements, in which all the directors, deputy directors, with hosts of other medical officers were deranged, there remained for the whole continent fifteen hospital surgeons, chosen by the continental Congress, of whom Dr Eustis was one. These gentlemen were solely responsible, and from that time they felt their responsibility.

In his own department he was entirely independent, and governor absolute of his own hospital. And those most acquainted, at the time, with the circumstances, bear testimony that his usefulness was co-extensive. Respected, obeyed, and beloved, he learned that the art of governing, and the way to men's hearts, was by doing them good. They knew that he was kind and faithful to them, even to the lowest and most distressed, and their love, respect, and obedience, under some very trying cir-



circumstances, taught him, to use his own words, "that ingratitude is not the natural propensity of the human mind."\* When at the close of the war, he could perceive in general orders, in common with others, the thanks of General Washington, who had visited and examined his hospital, he did not cease to "recollect, even in a distant day, the proud consciousness, that glowed in his breast, that he deserved them, for he had earned them."

In quelling the state insurrections in 1786 Dr E. took an active part. He was in the expedition from Boston which captured the insurgent Shattuck, their leader at Groton. He commanded the advanced guard which surrounded his house, and the rear guard, on their return. In the state rebellion in 1787 he accompanied Gen. Lincoln, who commanded the army, and was useful in a military point of view. It was he, who suggested the measure by which the enemy was dispersed, a bloodless victory obtained, and the campaign decided. On his return to Boston, he met the most distinguished approbation from all the gentlemen of the town, was sent for, and had a seat assigned him in the House of Representatives, to give account, &c. And this he considered amongst the most important and useful acts of his life.

He was truly a patriot, and loved his country with a zeal, equalled only by his sincerity; and various were the public offices he sustained in it.

About this time he was elected a member of the

\* See note C.

Medical Society of Massachusetts, and filled, for some years, the office of counsellor in it.

In the year following 1788, he was chosen a member of the General Court, where his eloquence and patriotism commanded a full share of influence. He was on many important committees, and took a conspicuous part also, in debates upon all questions of magnitude and interest, during six or seven years without interruption ; taking at the same time a leading part in the concerns relative to the town, state, and nation, and pursuing still his professional calls and duties.

For two years he served also at the board of Council in this commonwealth during the administration of late Gov. Sullivan.

In 1800 he was chosen member of Congress for Suffolk district, where his infantine years had been passed, and in 1809 was made Secretary at war. In 1815, he was appointed minister at the Hague, where he continued for three years, and on his return, his legation met the entire approbation of the President and Senate.

Returning to his native State, and to the vicinity of the place of his early education, in 1821, he was, again, elected member of Congress for Norfolk district, which he continued to represent, with ability and impartiality for four successive sessions, when at length, on the resignation of his friend and a patriot, Gen. John Brooks, of the office of governor and commander in chief of this commonwealth, he was designated for, and appointed to succeed him in that

high and responsible station. And with what character and success he discharged the duties of it, is sufficiently known to you all.

Whatever might have been the opinion entertained of his political sentiments, by those whose political speculations differed from his own, his public acts have been approved by all, and of the integrity of his political views and character, there surely can be but one opinion. The whole of his administration has been mild, just and impartial, and no man has suffered the loss of his situation, or the smallest diminution of his respect or confidence, from the mere circumstance of different views on political questions.

In all his public measures he was fixed, firm and decided. But he allowed to others what he claimed for himself, an entire freedom of political sentiment.

As a man of information, his stand in society was never disputed. And he was one, who amidst all the hurry of public life, found some leisure for literary studies. He wrote with uncommon facility, and his compositions discovered much point, together with much taste, be the subject whatever it were. Few men conceived with more quickness, or expressed themselves in a manner more concise and appropriate. He received the literary distinction of L.L.D. from Harvard University, and literary honors from other colleges. He was also an active member of the Society of Cincinnati, and chosen its Vice-President, though he declined acting.

As a friend, his feelings were ardent, his professions sincere, and his services always to be commanded. No cold-heartedness pertained to his character, and you were never at a loss where to find him. He was of a confiding disposition, where he entertained a respect and regard; and no jealousy or suspicion ever entered into his composition.

In social life his manners were perfectly open, frank and undisguised. He had no duplicity, but spoke freely with his tongue what his heart conceived. As an husband, brother, relative how kind was he! The anguish which these now sustain, the tears that flow, the throbs that rend their aching hearts, sufficiently express. But far be it from me, with an unhallowed intrusion, to enter this sacred retreat, or to enkindle those griefs anew, which I would so much desire to alleviate.

He possessed a humane heart, and an appeal to his feelings was never without success. He was a man of an amiable disposition, and his heart was the repository of social feeling, whilst his hospitable manners rendered his house always pleasant to his friends and visitors.

His mind was serious, and from repeated conversations with him, upon the subject of religion generally, within the last six years, he always treated it with the utmost solemnity. "I am a minute man," said he to me once, "I am a minute man, and feel this subject to be deeply important."\*

And now the scene is closed. The shadows of

\* Alluding to a supposed affection of the heart.

death have fallen upon him. The earth hath encircled him in her bosom, and the places that once knew him, will know him no more. So pass away all the glories and distinctions of this passing world! Man himself too, passes away as a shadow;—to-day active on this busy stage, tomorrow retired behind the scene, and others assume his place, and fulfil his unfinished labors. One generation passeth away, and another cometh; and the voice addressed to every one of us is, arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest. How little did he suppose, but one short week since, whose funeral rites we have so recently performed, that his visit to our neighboring capital was his last, and that his next return to his home had been only on his way to the tomb? But there is no discharge in this war. The last painful conflict is over—the warfare is accomplished, and the victim fallen!

But let it rejoice us still to recollect, that the triumphs of death shall not be eternal. There is a voice that shall, one day, resound through the caverns, even of the sleeping dead. There is an arm that will unlock the prison doors of the tomb, and set the prisoners free. There is a MIGHTIER power, who will subdue the king of terrors himself, who will drive him from his dusky domains, despoil him of his richest trophies, and lead captivity captive. Yes, and the sleeping tenants of the grave, on whom the dust of ages has lain, shall hear the voice of the son of man, and start forth into life again. Then shall we all appear before his tribunal, who knows our



hearts and actions, and their most secret springs and motives. Then the little differences, the little animosities and mistakes, the contending interests and jarring opinions of this life shall cease forever, and appear to us, like the contests of our childish years. "One shall be the object of our adoration and one shall be the ascription of our praise. Every heart shall there glow with benevolence, and every hand shall contribute to the general happiness," and the conflicting opinions of this present world, shall be swallowed up in perfect and undissembled love. And all those, whose services have been eminently honorable, and useful to their Country and to mankind, shall be covered with wreaths of unfading glory, from the hand of God himself.

## NOTES.

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### [NOTE A.]

His fellow students, at that time were the late Dr. John Warren, brother of Gen. Joseph W——. Samuel Adams, son of late Gov. Samuel Adams, David Townsend of Boston ——— Jones of Stoughten, and ——— Glover of Braintree, ——— Bond of Marblehead, Miles Whitworth of Boston, and ——— Norwood of Lynn. The three latter gentlemen, commencing their studies at the same time, became more particularly associated, and they devoted day and night, and labored incessantly to acquire eminence, in their professional skill and knowledge

### [NOTE B.]

On the 19th April 1775. the day of the battle of Lexington, whilst Mr Eustis was a student with General Warren, an express arrived in Boston. The General mounted his horse, called Mr E. and said, I am going to Lexington. You go round, and take care of the patients. In making the visits, Mr E. found every thing in confusion, and the whigs continually coming to the house for news. Mr E's own mind at length became so agitated, he could no longer visit. About 1 o'clock the late Lt. Gov. Moses Gill, came in his chaise, and took him to Lexington and Concord. At West Cambridge, then called Menotomy, they met the British troops, to avoid whom, they crossed the Ware Bridge to Medford, waited there until they had passed down the road, and then resumed their ride. The next day Mr Eustis returned to Cambridge. The American troops were assembling and forming. In a few days, Gen. Warren said to Mr Eustis, "you must be the surgeon of one of these regiments." His answer was, I am too young, I expected that such men as you and Dr. Church would be surgeons, and that we should be mates. "We have more important affairs," said the General, "to attend to, and you have seen more practice than most of these gentlemen from the country." Mr. Eustis was made Surgeon accordingly.

## [NOTE C.]

Like most of the Revolutionary officers he returned poor, from the army. Speaking of this circumstance, some time since, he said—"with but a single coat, four shirts and one pair of wollen stockings in the hard winter of 1780, I was one of the happiest men on earth. At this moment, he added, the recollection cheers and animates me, and if my account on the score of usefulness and humanity were settled, this item would enable me to meet with composure, a view of the balance." And indeed, his command through this period, was considered, as it was in reality and active usefulness, equal to that of a general officer. From 250 to 500 patients, including officers was his general number, besides visits to officers, who were in quarters, and amongst them the highest grades.

## [NOTE D.]

The troops who had been halted at Springfield for refreshment, were ordered by Dr E's. advice immediately to form the line and resume their march. They crossed the river and dispersed the enemy. The insurgents were superior in numbers, and except in discipline, superior in materials for war.

Had General L's. troops halted long, a fire would probably have commenced between the centinels and picket guards, on each side the river, when their fire would have been as good, if not better than ours. This would have encouraged them to give battle, and the issue to all battles uncertain. The suddenness and imposing attitude of our three little columns, crossing the river on the ice, with a few discharges from our artillery settled the campaign at one stroke, and broke the neck of the rebellion.















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